

Spirit of the Age.

The People's Rights—a Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

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WM. D. McMASTER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Every Cracker plainly stamped "Hanover." BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!
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WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.
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White River Junction, Vt. (p. 1) 1912

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CHANGE OF TIME.—Leave Woodstock at 7 a. m., and arrive in Rutland at 1 p. m.—Return same day, connecting with Ludlow Stage at Bridgwater. Fare \$2. Express Business done at low rates. Stage runs from Bridgewater to connect with Mail Train out, and return on its arrival. Headquarters at Eagle Hotel, Woodstock, Vt.
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Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.
The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing
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Where Ignorance is Bliss.

Is LOVE contagious?—I don't know; But this I am prepared to say, That I have felt, for many a day, A great desire to make it so.

Does she vouchsafe a thought to me? Sometimes I think she does; and then I'm forced to grope in doubt again, Which seems my normal state to be.

Why don't I ask, and asking know? I grant perhaps it might be wise; But when I look into her eyes, And hear her voice which thrills me so, I think that on the whole I want I'd rather doubt than know she don't.

—(Brie-a-Brac in Scribner for Nov.)
A Trifling Inconvenience.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoonpendyke, feeling up the chimney, "have you seen my gold collar button?"

"I saw it the day you thought it," answered Mrs. Spoonpendyke, cheerily, "and I thought it very pretty. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I've lost the mensly thing," responded Mr. Spoonpendyke, running the broom handle up into the cornice and shaking it as if it were a carpet.

"You don't suppose it is up there, do you?" asked Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "Where did you leave it?"

"Let it in my shirt. Where do you suppose I'd leave it—in the hash?" and Mr. Spoonpendyke tossed over the things in his wife's writing desk and looked out of the window after it.

"Where did you leave your shirt?" asked Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "Where did I leave my shirt? Where do you suppose I left it? Where does a man generally leave his shirt, Mrs. Spoonpendyke? Think I left it in the ferryboat? Got an idea I left it at the prayer meeting, haven't you? Well, I didn't. I left it off, Mrs. Spoonpendyke, that's where I left it. I left it off. Hear me? And Mr. Spoonpendyke pulled the winter clothing out of the cedar chest that hadn't been unlocked for a month.

"Where do you suppose it is? Where do you imagine it is?" "I'll tell you where it is, Mrs. Spoonpendyke, it's gone to Bridport as a witness in a land suit. Idea! Ask a man where his shirt is! You know I haven't been out of the room since I came home last night and took it off; and Mr. Spoonpendyke sailed down stairs and raked the fire out of the kitchen range, but didn't find the button.

"Maybe you lost it on the way home," suggested Mrs. Spoonpendyke, as her husband came up, hot and angry, and began to pull a stuffed canary to pieces, to see if the button had got inside.

"Oh, yes! Very likely! I stood up against a tree and lost it. Then I hid behind a fence so I wouldn't see it. That's the way it was. If I only had your head, Mrs. Spoonpendyke, I'd turn loose as a razor strop. I don't know anything sharper than you are," and Mr. Spoonpendyke clutched a handful of dust on top of the wardrobe.

"It must have fallen out," mused Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "Oh! it must, eh! It must have fallen out! Well, I declare, I never thought of that. My impression was that it took a buggy and drove out, or a balloon and hoisted out," and Mr. Spoonpendyke crawled behind the bureau and commenced tearing up the carpet.

"And if it fell out, it must be somewhere near where he left his shirt. Now he always throws his shirt on the lounge and the button is under that."

A moment's search soon established the infallibility of Mrs. Spoonpendyke's logic.

"Oh, yes! Found it, didn't you?" panted Mr. Spoonpendyke, as he bumped his head against the bureau and finally climbed to a perpendicular.

"Perhaps you'll fix my shirts so that it won't fall out any more, and maybe you'll have sense enough to mend that lounge, now it has made so much trouble. If you only tended to the house as I do to my business, there'd never be any difficulty about losing a collar button."

"It wasn't my fault—" began Mrs. Spoonpendyke.

"Wasn't, eh! Have you found that coal bill you've been looking for since March?"

"Yes."

"Have, eh! Now where did you put it? Where did you find it?" "In your overcoat pocket."

Western Journalism.

A Western editor, whose style of writing was calculated to arouse people to deeds of gore, being himself not much on his muscle, found it necessary to keep a fighting editor, and he had a speaking tube connected with the healer's room to call him when danger required. One day a gentleman whom the editor had referred to as a "cross-eyed dromedary" came in to request a correction and as the fighting editor was out he didn't respond to the signal of distress, and while the editor and his visitor were on the floor under the desk the former agreed to correct the mistake and the irate man left. Pretty soon a gentleman from the rural districts came in to give the editor a big squash and get a notice, and about that time the fighting editor returned, and a boy in his room told him that the boss wanted help. The man of war was quick to respond, and dashing into the chief's room and seeing the latter in a somewhat disordered condition, the result of his previous visit, he thought the countryman was the cause of it, and clinched him, and after staving up some furniture, ran the victim across the street to where an empty hearse was standing in front of an undertaker's shop. Into the vehicle he jammed the farmer and shut the door. The commotion he had created scared the horses attached to the hearse, and they started off on the dead run. People soon noticed the runaway, and ran after it, and were shocked at beholding the hearse collide with a post and become a complete wreck and their horror at seeing a human body precipitated to the sidewalk was only equalled by their amazement at seeing it spring nimbly to its feet and take off across the country, yelling murder. They thought it was an attempt to bury a man alive, and part of them went and got the undertaker to lynch him, while the rest pursued the farmer, who was found hidden in a swamp. After he was brought in it took over three hours to get matters explained, and then the farmer went before a Justice of the Peace and made an affidavit that he hoped to be struck by lightning if he ever enters a newspaper office again.

Girls in China.

Moung Edwin, a Burmese, who has been educated in this country with the view of sending him as a Baptist missionary to Burma, lectured in Baltimore. Speaking of the deplorable condition of woman in the East, owing mainly to peculiar religious teachings, he said:

Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is no murder, and therefore not to be punished. Where parents are too poor to support the girl children they are disposed of in the following manner: At regular intervals an appointed officer goes through villages and collects from poor parents all the girl children cannot be cared for, when they are about eight days old. He has two large baskets attached to the ends of bamboo poles and slung over his shoulders. Six infants are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighboring village and exposes them for sale. Mothers who desire to raise wives for their sons buy such as they may select. The others are taken to the government asylum, of which there are many all through the country: If these is room there they are taken in; if not they are drowned.

A lady writes: "I think girls do quite as much toward supporting themselves and others as boys do, if they are not paid for it equally. I have seen them display even more courage than their brothers when wealth was swept away, and then found employment from home, and I am tired of hearing girls (as a class) advised to do more. How many lazy, worthless boys can you count who are ready to borrow money for dissipation, and what kind of husbands do they make? But do not mention it! If women could fill positions that divided their attention less they might hope to win more, for this is true to all."

An Incentive.

Judicious praise is an incentive to effort. Praise your children if they deserve it, and don't be afraid it will make them conceited; merited compliments serve rather to make persons satisfied with themselves and agreeable, rather than vain and overbearing. If your child is pretty let her know you think so. Many a girl has been made timid and self-distrustful for life, because her parents thought it their duty to convince her that she was plain and unattractive. As a rule, those who have the greatest gifts and talents are not the ones who are best satisfied with themselves. They absolutely need encouragement from inferiors to buoy them up. A well-timed compliment does them good. It makes sensitive people wretched to have their defects pointed out and commented on, with no allusion to their redeeming virtues. As for men, they never make an effort which they think will end in failure; make a man think he can do what he undertakes, and he exerts all his powers and will frequently come off victorious in spite of many obstacles, and in face of all discouragements. If blame is needed, don't restrain it; but if you can conscientiously praise a well-meaning effort, do it. There is no knowing what good you will accomplish.

He Meant Business.

One of those timid young men who can never work up sufficient courage to even hint at marriage to a girl, had for months paid his addresses to a beautiful damsel in the suburbs of Quincy. The object of his adoration expected the momentous proposal at each visit, and had thoroughly rehearsed her part, but visit after visit went by and the proposal came not. As the two sat in sparkable proximity last Saturday night, the side door opened and the girl's father marched in, clad just as he was when he slid out of bed a moment before. The girl hid her face in her hands and said: "Why father!" and the lover turned pale and began to look for his hat. Giving his hair a twang the old man said:

"Tom, do you want to marry her?" "Why, sir, I—indeed, sir—" "None of that, confound you—yes or no!" roared the parent.

"Well, sir—ye-ye-yes, I do!" Turning to the girl, the old man said:

"Martha, do you want him?" "Yes, pa!" "That, now! I've done in just half a minute what it'd took you silly fools a month to get at! Now struggle up again, an' go to talkin' about house-keeping!"

And the old man went back to bed, and was soon dreaming of a future son-in-law.

AN EPIGRAM.—The ensuing epigram was suggested by the oratorical exploits of tongue without a counterpoise of brain, and, as a consequence, uttered more than he knew or the court could understand. Some one who listened to his ambitious eloquence in behalf of his client and witnessed the nervous gymnastic with which he scratched his back as he proceeded, wrote as follows:

"When Nature formed Simkins she called for her shears.
"We must shorten this fellow," she said, "in the ears."
But added at last: "We will let the ears pass;
What is long for a man is just right for an ass."

CHEERFULNESS.—It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful disposition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it is sternly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

There are several ways of calling a man a puppy, but a Galvestonian did it about as neat as any the other day. A fashionable appeared at the studio with a genuine Newfoundland puppy and wanted its picture taken, for which \$2 were asked. "How much do you ask if I am taken on the same picture?" "No extra charge. I don't charge any more for one than I do for both of you."—[Galveston News.

Next to a clear conscience, for solid comfort, give us an easy boot.

Protection Against Rusting.

Prof. Olmstead, the author of "Olmstead's Natural Philosophy," recently furnished the following application to prevent farm implements, or implements of any kind having metal surfaces, from rusting: Take any quantity of good lard, and to every half pound or so add of common rosin an amount about equal to half the size of an egg, or less—a little more or less is of no consequence. Melt them slowly together, stirring as they cool. Apply this with a cloth or otherwise, just enough to give a thin coating to the metal surface to be protected. It can be wiped off nearly clean from surfaces where it will be undesirable, as in the case of knives and forks, etc. The rosin prevents rancidity, and the mixture excludes the ready access of air and moisture. A fresh application may be needed when the coating is washed off by friction of beating storms or otherwise. This single recipe will be worth many dollars to any one in the long run.

SCRIBNER for November is out in good season as usual, and is a capital number. Among the contents are—Frontispiece—The Sower; Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer; Bordentown and the Bonapartes; "O Silver River Flowing to the Sea"; Walt Whitman; The Secret of Second Sight; Two Singers; Tiger Lily; A Chapter on Tableaux; Jean-Francois Millet—Peasant and Painter; Elihu Vedder; On Two Pictures by Vedder; Mr. Gladstone, with Portrait; St. Martin's Summer; Artemus Ward. The five Departments are well filled with interesting matter.—The magazine is beautifully illustrated, and ably edited. Scribner & Co., Publishers, 743 Broadway, N. Y.—Terms, \$4.00 a year.

ST. NICHOLAS, for November, by the above Publishers, is an excellent magazine for young folks, and old folks too. It is the best magazine in the world—that's enough to say, isn't it? The above publications are for sale here at White's Bookstore by the number or year.

Two Similes From Paris.

Here are two anecdotes that recently drifted past on the stream of chit-chat at a dinner party. An American gentleman, while taking a walk in London one day, chance to behold in a grocer's window an immense pile of hams stamped with the name and address of a dealer in Chicago, while overhead hung a placard inscribed: "Best Canadian hams—one shilling six pence per pound." The proprietor of the establishment chanced to come to the door and the gentleman called his attention to the incongruity of selling Chicago hams as a Canadian product. "Ah, yes, yes!" exclaimed the grocer with an air of conviction. "Chicago is one of the United States; I had forgotten that." Next comes the story of an illiterate dame who possessed a very fine gallery of pictures, including specimens of the old masters as well as of the modern school. She was one day engaged in showing off her art treasures to a visitor, seasoning her discourse with small facts relative to the artists whose works she possessed. "Now, that picture," she said, pointing to a large mythological scene, that's Rubens, He's dead."

Never make fun of anybody who is sick or nervous in a thunder storm. It is not cowardice, but a temporary result of the influence sustained by the nerves from the electricity in the air. A woman who is spoken of as "one of the most dauntless ever known" was sick in bed for hours after the great storm at Springfield, Mass., last year. She had received a shock from lightning years before, and never since fails to be ill in a thunder storm.

A Minnesota exchange says that "Peter Butler, of Canon Falls, aged 80 years, shocked eleven acres of grain one day last week." Some of these old farmers use pretty hard language, when they once get started.—[Peck's San.

A smile is a light in the window of the face by which the heart signifies to a friend that it is at home and waiting.

The Pocket Blow Pipe.

Stand erect, with the chin turned a little up. Draw through the nose all the air you can, till the chest is brimful. Now place in the mouth a piece of clay pipe stem, say an inch long, and blow through it as long and hard as you can, as if you were trying to blow out a flame.

Well, what does that do? Try a few whiffs, and see. If not used to it, at first it may make you feel dull, perhaps dizzy. But this soon wears off, and you find that a few minutes of this lung-filling now and then through the day is working wonders. The chest seems to be actually growing larger; and it really is, for you are stretching out every corner of it. But the heart and stomach—indeed, about all the vital organs feel the new pressure, and better digestion, brisker circulation, and a warmer and very comfortable feeling over the whole body are among the results. M—, an old broker in New York, says that at thirty-six he had a weak voice, stood slumped over and indirect, was troubled with catarrh, and knew very well what it was to have the stomach and bowels work imperfectly. Most persons cannot inflate the chest so as to increase its girth over two inches. By steady practice at this little pipe, he in about a year got so that he could inflate five whole inches. But now his chest is round and full, and he is as straight a man as any in a dozen. His weak voice is gone, indeed, he says he has the strongest voice of any in a choir in which he row sings. The catarrh has left, while his stomach is simply doing nobly. The fuller veins in his hands, and the swifter reaction when he bathes tell that the circulation is also stronger and quicker than formerly, while he has a general health and buoyancy to which he had long been a stranger. These are surely wonderful changes in a man of his age, and in that brief time, and each change is plainly for the better. Not only do his friends remark it, but he delights in telling all who will listen. A lady friend following his example, found her angular shoulders and indifferent chest fast improving in a way most gratifying. A friend, at our suggestion—one of the fastest half-mile runners in America, by-the-way—tried the pipe. In five weeks of faithful practice he so enlarged his chest that when his lungs were full he could scarcely button his vest. He says that in severe running he finds his throat and bronchial tubes do not tire as easily as before, but are tough and equal to their work, and so help him to more sustained effort.

Though all the results of this deep breathing are not known, it can hardly fail to bring great good to many of us indoor people, who most of the day never half fill our lungs, and at all events it is very easy to try. Any ivory-worker will for a dime turn you a pipe of bone or ivory an inch long, three-eighths thick, and with a hole through it a sixteenth of an inch in diameter, with the sides fluted so that your teeth may hold it, and prevent you from swallowing it. This, too, can readily be carried in the pocket. Try it.—[Harpers Young People.

A young man with an umbrella overtook an unprotected lady acquaintance in a rain storm, and extending his umbrella over her requested the pleasure of acting as her rainbow.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young lady, taking his arm, "you wish me to be your raindeer." Two souls with but a single umbrella, two forms that stepped as one.

An Englishman at a hotel in New York asked if there were oysters in the hotel. Oh, yes, was the answer; step right in the restaurant, we don't keep them in the office. Egad! said Mr. John Bull, I think you misunderstand me, you know; I mean an oyster, don't you know, a lift—a hellwaster, maybe you call it in this country.

Freddy Miles, of Cleveland aged four, accompanied his parents to church. On entering which, in compliance with devout Episcopal custom, they knelt and bowed low. As they resumed their seats, thus said Master Fred: "Is you, fraid cause God is here? 'Why no, child? 'Then what makes you hide?"

The battle is over—count up, but don't "count" wrofully.